

## KITTERY LETTER

### Newsy Items From Across The River

### GRAND OFFICERS VISIT DIRIGO ENCAMPMENT

### Various Paragraphs Of Social And Personal Interest

### GOSSIP OF A DAY COLLECTED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

Kittery, Feb. 16.  
Dirigo Encampment, No. 7, of Odd Fellows of Kittery had Grand Chief Patriarch W. A. Bailey of Skowhegan, John Ward, grand high priest, of Bangor, Grand Senior Warden C. A. Allen of Bar Harbor and Leon S. Merrill, grand junior warden, of Solon, grand officers of the grand encampment of Maine, to witness the

exemplification of the Patriarchal degree, worked by Columbia Encampment, No. 10, of North Berwick on Friday evening and the Golden Rule degree by its own staff.

Columbia Encampment has the reputation of doing fine work and Friday night added new laurels to those already won by breaking all previous records for the perfect rendering of this beautiful degree. Every member of the staff was as nearly perfect as it was possible to be.

Dirigo Encampment has been for a long time enjoying a season of great success and its addition of new members last year made it the banner encampment of the state. Last night, it worked the Golden Rule degree in the impressive manner that makes this degree one of the most beautiful ever put on the floor. About 200 were present and after the work all retired to the banquet room, where a bounteous supper was served. The postprandial exercises were greatly enjoyed.

Much credit is due District Deputy Grand Patriarch Ira C. Keene for the success of the meeting.

The valentine party given by York Rebekah Lodge on Thursday evening was a very enjoyable affair and largely attended. Hearts of all sizes were used in decorating the hall. Four tables were presided over by four ladies of the lodge, Mrs. George Marden, Mrs. Fred M. Stacy, Mrs. Charles Heene and Mrs. Charles Luitis. A fine program was given, consisting of music and recitations.

Miss Walker gave a pleasing recitation in Puritan costume, this being a particularly enjoyable feature.

A large number of Masons went to North Berwick on Thursday evening and last evening attended the meeting in Portsmouth. Fine banquets were served at each place.

E. H. Billings of Sanford was in town this week on business.

The Kittery Yacht Club will give an oyster supper in Grange Hall on the evening of March 4.

Amos F. Gerald, who built the Portsmouth, Kittery and York street railway in 1897, is about to begin the construction of a road between Augusta and Waterville.

A car of the short route was derailed at York Corner on Friday afternoon by the switch, which has caused considerable trouble to cars of late. But little delay resulted.

Hon. Horace Mitchell passed Thursday in Boston on business.

Services at the Second Christian Church on Sunday will be in the following order: Subject for the morning sermon, "Laborers"; Sunday school at 11:50; Christian Endeavor at six p. m.; sermon in the evening, "The Predicament of the Unfaithful."

At the Second Methodist Church, Rev. E. P. Sample will preach at 10:30 a. m., and Lincoln day will be observed; Sunday school at twelve; Epworth League at six p. m.; praise and preaching services at seven.

D. E. Hill of Newburyport was in town yesterday.

Mrs. E. T. Cottle and her mother, Mrs. Thomas R. Wilson, have re-

turned from Brooklyn, where they were called by the death of a relative.

### Kittery Point

Karl Thaxter of Portsmouth was a visitor in town on Friday.

The New England Telephone Men today installed instruments in the stores of Frisbee Brothers and Bickford and Door and the houses of Capt. T. Burton Hoyt and G. S. Wasson. The houses of J. Chester Cutts and James H. Walker have been connected and Ernest B. Grace and Ernest Hall will become subscribers.

The schooner Mattie D. Brundage is one of the latest arrivals in the fishing fleet.

Mrs. Charles W. Frisbee is confined to her home by illness.

Miss Ella Parker passed Thursday with friends in Portsmouth.

Conductor Frank Keene is enjoying a short vacation from his duties with the Atlantic Shore line.

Most of the ice has gone from Pepperell's Cove.

### PORT OF PORTSMOUTH

Arrivals At and Departures From Our Harbor Feb. 15.

#### Arrived

Tug Catawissa, Anderson, Philadelphia, towing barges Ephrata, with 1,500 tons of coal and Spring for Portland, and proceeded with latter large.

#### Cleared

Schooner Charles J. Willard, Littlejohn, Portland.

Barge Pluto Forest, Philadelphia.

Wind westerly, moderate.

Telegraphic Shipping Notes

Philadelphia, Feb. 14—Sailed, tug Monocacy, towing barge Oak Hill for Portsmouth, and two others.

### FERRY PASSENGERS

Carried on the Atlantic Shore Line Railway During 1906

The ferry passengers carried on the Atlantic Shore line railway for the year 1906, not including employees of the road, were as follows:

January, 45,282; February, 41,202; March, 46,101; April, 49,802; May, 53,764; June, 59,469; July, 87,312; August, 98,769; September, 76,091; October, 52,775; November, 49,715; December, 52,203. Total for year 711,485.

### A MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

The druggists of the city have reached an agreement in regard to closing hours and hereafter will close their stores at half-past nine every evening except Saturday. This seems to be a movement with the object of giving the overworked drug clerk a chance to breathe.

### McCUE ON ROCHESTER SPEEDWAY

Eugene McCue went to Rochester today (Saturday), where he will enter the race there with his fast stayer, "Number Seven." Gene thinks that he will bring home one of the prizes.

### THE WEATHER FOR TOMORROW

(Special to The Herald)  
Washington, Feb. 16—Fair weather and fresh southwest winds are the general indications for Sunday.

## Well Connected People

Are they who have caught on to the Electric Current, not solely for lighting; not solely for heating and cooking; but to the various motor devices also for lightening the weight and lessening the tedium and monotony of housework and for rendering life more satisfactory and agreeable all round.

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY LIGHT & POWER CO.

## CITIZENS THERE

### They Attended Hearing On Assessors Bill

### AND SOME OF THEM EX- PRESSED OPINIONS

### Mayor Hackett, Senator Entwistle And Mr. Wood Talked

### MR. MARVIN, MR. WHITMAN AND MR. PICKERING ALSO SPOKE

The second public meeting of the Portsmouth delegation on the board of tax assessors bill was held at City Hall on Friday evening and was attended by a fair crowd of citizens, five out of the nine representatives and Senator Entwistle.

Representatives Clark, Hodgdon, Brown and Caswell were absent.

In the absence of Mr. Hodgdon, Harry F. Allen was elected secretary.

President Frank J. Philbrick opened the meeting and for a while it went along as smoothly and as peacefully as a Sunday school gathering. Later it grew warmer and the political fur flew just a little when the question was brought up of whether the new assessors should be named by the men representing the city at Concord or by the men who handle municipal affairs at home.

Senator Entwistle was the first man up. He wanted to know what the meeting was called for. He thought that the matter had already been settled and that the bill was going along all right at Concord.

Representative Wood of Ward Two explained his position and said he favored the naming of the assessors by the legislative delegation.

Mayor Hackett was up at once in defense of the city government and claimed that the delegation was playing favorites, adding that some acts, currently reported, on the part of a few members of the delegation were not above board.

Samuel W. Emery, Jr., spoke at length on the bill as it is. He thought the people could do as well as their official representatives in naming the assessors and that neither the city council nor the delegation should appoint the new board. In so doing, he asserted, they would be taking the rights of the people away.

"The people are capable of electing good men for the places," said Mr. Emery, "and the new board will be an expensive one, anyway."

"The city council should have a free hand in the matter. It is too late to fool with the bill," said the Mayor. "I am informed that delegates have said they would kill the bill unless they were allowed to name the assessors."

Representative Wood denied the charge that he would kill the bill. He informed the board that he did say that if people were going to Concord and picking out jobs on the board before the bill was passed, it would be better to kill it.

"Why don't you name the people you refer to?" asked Senator Entwistle. Mr. Wood replied by naming the man he claimed had a thimble out for a job. "This is what I call counting the chickens before they are hatched," he added.

Councilman Boynton then got the floor for a while. He addressed the meeting, saying that the city government had made no pledges in the matter. "Nobody is controlled by the board," he declared. "We want an independent board of assessors and if the board was appointed by the city council the council would act slowly and conscientiously in selecting the men. It is not right for the men at Concord to make up the board and take the right of appointment away from Portsmouth."

Senator Entwistle followed Mr. Boynton and fired a few hot shots at the method of taxation in vogue in this city. "We want to keep close to the people," said the senator. "The method employed here has come to be a farce; the system is rotten. We

have a remedy; let's give it a trial."

President Philbrick spoke in favor of the bill as it is. He said that he had had talks with the members of the Manchester delegation, who thought the Portsmouth bill a good one and that it ought to pass.

Former Mayor Marvin was away back in a corner, blowing rings from a 7-20-4, when the chairman called on him for his ideas on the matter. The former mayor emphasized the fact that two years' experience had satisfied him that the system of taxation here could not be any worse. The new bill is a clean one, in his opinion, and should pass. The board of assessors should be small and compact. He reminded the gathering that he would not be disappointed if the present board made a few breaks and smilingly told the gentlemen that in two years the Democrats will be back in those soft chairs at City Hall and if the new tax bill is no good they will straighten it out.

Frederick M. Sise was asked for an opinion and replied that the bill satisfied him. "It is all right as drawn and the representatives should be urged to pass it," he said.

Again Mayor Hackett spoke and told those present that if the bill was sent back to the Senate it would be killed. "We are putting it jeopardy when we tinker with it," he asserted. "The representatives should back up the city council."

Representative Whitman spoke from a Democratic standpoint. He was not in favor of the delegation naming the men to serve on the board, but he would vote to kill the bill rather than see it pass without a Democrat being named as one of the three by the city government.

Samuel W. Emery, Jr., again said that it was wrong to take this matter from the people. They should elect the assessors and he believed that no bill making the assessors appointive officers would bring any good results to the city.

J. Edward Pickering, who had held a seat in the parquet all the evening, was loaded with ideas, but kept rather quiet until some one touched him in a tender spot and then the fun started. The loose plastering, hanging by a few hairs from the ceiling, began to vibrate under the hot political shots from the fighting top, as "Ed" and Mr. Wood of Ward Two let loose.

"Mr. Chairman," said Mr. Pickering, "the people have made some bad selections in the election of tax assessors and the present board is the worst that has held a place in City Hall in years."

Mr. Wood claimed that he is a Republican and stands for Republican principles.

"Then why don't you vote for the bill as it stands," he was asked. Wood bit off an inch or two of his cigar and clenching the desk with both hands hard and fast wanted to know where Pickering fitted.

"You're a Democrat," shouted Wood, "what have you got to say about it?"

Ed thought his politics were as good as those of Wood and said that he had marked his ballot for as many Republicans as he had Democrats in the last five years.

"But you have been a Democratic candidate for mayor, as well," said the Ward Two representative, "and I have a right to vote as I see fit, just the same as the city government has to hand out the best jobs at City Hall to Democrats."

Mayor Hackett broke up the game by calling attention to the publication in the local daily papers of the fact that the Merchants' Exchange favored the bill as it is. He thought that this should have some weight.

A vote was taken on the bill as it stands and Representative Wood and Samuel W. Emery voted against it. Mayor Hackett moved that the delegation support the bill as passed by the Senate. The vote was twenty-one in favor of his motion, with Representatives Wood and Hett opposed.

SECOND WHIST PARTY  
Held Yesterday Afternoon Under Improvement Society Auspices

The second of the series of the bridge and whist parties for the benefit of the Improvement Society took place Friday afternoon.

Eight of the tables were taken by bridge players. The highest score was made by Mrs. Joseph W. Peirce.

At four tables whist was played. The highest score was made by Mrs. Joseph Berry.

The gift of flowers from Mr. Hanford was divided between these two ladies. The third and last party will be given on Thursday Feb. 21.

## A NEWS FORECAST

### Events Of Interest Scheduled For Seven Days

(By New England Press)

Washington, Feb. 16.—The coming week in Congress and, in fact, all the remainder of the session will probably be devoted almost exclusively to the appropriation bills. Leaders in both branches now realize that there will be little if any time to devote to the consideration of general legislation. It was said at the beginning of the session that the Republican program was to pass the appropriation bills and let all else go by the board and it looks now, as though this program will be carried out pretty faithfully. The probability is that such general legislation as gets through between now and March 4 will be attached to appropriation bills at the last minute.

A large party of representatives of the commercial clubs of Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis is scheduled to sail from New York on Monday for Panama to inspect the isthmian canal.

Interest in the municipal elections to be held throughout Pennsylvania on Tuesday centers in the contest in Philadelphia, where the issues are practically the same as marked the memorable election a year ago. Congressman John E. Reyburn, the candidate of the Republican organization is opposed for mayor by William Potter, representing the City party, and William C. Bennett, the Democratic standard bearer.

Tuesday is the day set for argument in St. Louis in the suit of the State of Missouri to oust the Standard, Republic and Waters-Pierce Oil companies.

The Senate will finally dispose of the Reed Smoot case on Wednesday when it will take a vote to decide whether the Utah senator shall retain his seat. It is the general opinion here that the vote will be favorable to Senator Smoot.

At New York next Thursday the interstate commerce commission will resume its investigation into the financial methods of the Harriman corporations. E. H. Harriman, Jacob L. Schiff, William Rockefeller and probably H. H. Rogers and H. C. Frick are expected to appear as witnesses.

The Democratic primaries to pick a candidate for mayor of Chicago will be held Thursday, followed by the convention on Saturday. A heated contest is on between Mayor Dunne, who is a candidate for reelection, and former Mayor Carter Harrison.

President Roosevelt, accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt, will leave Washington Friday night for a two days' visit with Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., at Harvard University. The visit, it is announced, will be purely of a private character.

Former President Grover Cleveland will go to Chicago the last of the week to deliver an oration at the Washington's birthday banquet of the Union League club of that city.

SOUTH ELIOT  
South Eliot, Feb. 16.

Miss Emma A. Frye passed Thursday in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard P. Libbey of Eliot welcomed a daughter to their home recently.

Rev. Alexander Dixon of Newburyport is expected to occupy the pulpit of the Advent Church on Sunday.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin E. Cole on Feb. 9.

Rev. George W. Brown returned Monday from a visit to his sister, Mrs. George Thornton of East Boston.

Miss Dame has recovered from an attack of the grip and has resumed her school duties.

The heavy winds of Monday and Tuesday caused the snow to drift badly in places on the electric railroad tracks, so the early cars could not get through either on Tuesday or Wednesday mornings.

The river has been full of floating ice the past few days and the beach is frozen solid.

N. A. McKenney of Portsmouth was a visitor in town Thursday.

H. H. Foss visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cotton Foss, of Rollinsford on Thursday.

Eggs seem to have struck the up grade again.

# Geo. B. French Co

It is not wise to buy DRAPERIES or DRAPERY GOODS without seeing our stock, which we claim without venture of a denial has no equal in the city outside of our store. As we exercise our best judgment in the selection of such materials and styles as shall prove most effective in the art of home adornment we have established a reputation of showing not only the largest but also the finest stock in the city. This week we show many specialties in this line.

### IMPORTED MADRAS

One feature of which is the exquisite blending of colors, which are woven in the fabric.

One lot, 52 inches wide, choice designs.....87c

One lot, 48 inches wide, imported, sells.....\$1.00

One lot, 48 inches wide, in cream and in cream and green cross stripes, at.....67c

PRINTED MADRAS—Skillful imitations of the imported goods, these are shown in a large variety and sell by the yard at.....25c

### CURTAIN MUSLINS

Here we exhibit over 40 styles of the figured Muslins, you are on the right road for the best in the city and no such a lot is shown elsewhere.

Very low priced.....\$1.25 to \$2.00

### VERSAILLES CRETONNES

36 inches wide, light ground work and color printed, stylish goods, selling this week.....19c

FRENCH CRETONNES—Not found in the city outside of our store, price.....\$1.00

### TABLE COVERS

In small sizes for stand covers and also in full length, 12-4.....69c to \$5.00  
Many very odd and select ones.

### SLUMBER ROBES

In raw silk, the Indian stripes.....\$1.00 to \$3.00

### DOOR PANELS

In white or beige.....37c, 50c, 62c to \$2.75

AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED  
OSTERMOOR MATTRESS.

### SWISS NETS

Patterns strictly new, adapted for full length or half curtains.

Patterns in running vine.....19c

Another lot in Gothic patterns sell for.....15c

A third collection in serpentine weave sells.....25c

### VERY INVITING DRAPERY GOODS

50 pieces of the finest Silkenes, clever in style and the cream of early Spring production, a pleasure to see this assortment, per yard.....12 1-2c

Every piece shows the mark of newness.

### REMNANTS OF TAPESTRIES

A lot of Drummer's Samples in 3-4 and 1-2 yard lengths, comprising the choicest colorings and designs. These lengths are adapted for chair coverings and cushion tops and are clearance prices at about ONE-HALF.

Remnants of 1 1/2 yards, worth \$2.62, for.....\$1.25

1 yard Remnants, worth \$1.75, now.....\$1.00

3/4 yard lengths, worth \$1.50, for.....87c

1 yard lengths, worth \$1.75, for.....\$1.25

2-3 yard lengths, worth \$3.50, now.....\$1.50

### COUCH COVERS

One lot fringed on sides and ends in Roman stripes, at.....\$1.25

Extra heavy at.....\$1.87

Others at.....\$2.00 and up to \$6.00

Oriental patterns in another lot.....\$3.00 and \$4.50

### CROSS STRIPES AND ORIENTAL DRAPERIES

That one can buy at.....37c, 50c to \$3.00

DRAPERY SILKS—Very extensive variety, sell at.....59c

### PADDED MATTRESS COVERS

Crib size.....50c

Full size.....\$1.98



## LIFE RISK TAKEN

Harry Thaw Insured  
Against Execution

RISK ACCEPTED BY LLOYD'S  
IN LONDON

Considered Most Remarkable In His-  
tory Of The World

THE PREMIUM ADMITTED TO BE THIRTY  
GUINEAS PER CENT.

New York, Feb. 15.—British insurance gamblers are staking their money that Harry Thaw will escape the electric chair.

Lloyd's, the greatest insurance centre in the world, takes the risk that the slayer of Stanford White will not be executed as a murderer.

Lloyd's agrees to pay as a total loss if the prisoner is executed.

The premium is admitted to be thirty guineas per cent. The amount of the policy is not divulged.

Meanwhile the wife of Juror Bolton is lying dead. The trial has adjourned until Monday morning. The jurors, sworn to secrecy, have been debauched to their several homes.

Counsel for the defence fear that Dist. Atty. Jerome will, on the opening of the trial, apply for a lunacy commission to examine their client. Their every effort will be directed against such a move.

Thaw himself is credited with having declared that he would not flee the asylum in preference to Slag Slag and the death chamber, so it can be seen with what feeling this expected move of Mr. Jerome's is creating in the camp of the defence.

One of Thaw's lawyers, in speaking of the probable plan for a lunacy commission said:

"As the case has progressed from day to day we have become more and more convinced by the conduct of the district attorney and his experts who are observing the defendant for him that it has been and is his purpose to lead the case to the point where he can apply properly for a commission for lunacy."

Thaw, contrary to reports, that he was downcast over the sudden and judgment of his trial, seemed in anything but a mournful mood this morning. He arose early, took a shower bath, and then exercised briskly about the corridor. He sent out for copies of all the New York, Boston and Pittsburg newspapers, as well as five of the London papers.

Thaw told his keepers that he was feeling fine.

Death has again invaded Thaw's environment. Close on the passing of the wife of Juror Bolton came the announcement of the death last night of Michael D. Downey, for months Thaw's night keeper on the second tier of cells in the Tombs, "Murderers' Row."

Downey had been keeper in the Tombs for more than 28 years.

When Thaw first came to the Tombs, Downey did not look with favor on the new prisoner, but finally a warm friendship sprang up between them.

When Downey is buried tomorrow a wreath bearing Thaw's name will rest on the casket.

The resumption of the trial on Monday will depend on how Juror Bolton stands the ordeal put on him by his wife's death.

It was the general opinion in the

court yesterday that the trial will be continued.

Dr. Evans will then go on the stand again, and it is expected that he will try to substantiate his opinion that Thaw was insane in August by giving Thaw's own words to him during three examinations.

Following the testimony from the defence's own experts, it is expected that Dist. Atty. Jerome will make his application.

If it should be made immediately following the admittance of the testimony from Dr. Evans, Mrs. Thaw will not have to complete her story nor face Jerome's incisive cross-examination.

### THE THEATRICAL FOLK

#### Career of Miss Mary Shaw

"Who is Mary Shaw?" ask the theatre-goers who like to go beyond the stage door in their curiosity as to personality. Though Mary Shaw has been before the public in the companies of Madame Modjeska, Joseph Jefferson and Mrs. Fiske for some time, it is remarkable how little she has lent herself to the devices of the press agent and the public knows little of her personality, except that which is indelibly impressed through her stage roles. At one of the entertainments of the Women's Professional League to which



Scene in "Alice Sit By The Fire."

Mary Shaw and a group of well known actresses lent their presence and aid, the subject of matrimony arose and among the estimable "Misses"—Miss Marlowe, Miss Ringham, Miss Wadsworth, Miss Harned and many more—it was laughingly declared that Mary Shaw was the only spinster present. Whereupon

Miss Shaw, in some amusement, modestly arose and declared to her professional associates: "Not guilty." That Miss Shaw was married to a titled foreigner as a very young girl and that she has kept her personal and professional life entirely separate and distinct is known to her friends. Miss Shaw has never used her late husband's name or his title professionally and has furnished no details of romance to the press agent. Miss Shaw has identified herself with professional women's interests and is considerable of a club woman. At the International Council of Women held abroad a year or so ago, Miss Shaw, as representative of the stage women of America, covered herself with glory in an address on the purposeful drama, though she confessed to the most serious case of stage fright in her career.

Miss Shaw is a New Englander and Boston is the other half of home when she is not in New York. She will be seen at Music Hall on Monday evening in "Alice Sit By The Fire," by J. M. Barrie.

#### Remarkable Pictures

The clearest, most distinct moving pictures of a boxing bout which have been seen in Boston in years are be-

## A BOLD STEP.

To overcome the well-grounded and reasonable objections of the more intelligent to the use of secret, medicinal compounds, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., some time ago, decided to make a bold departure from the usual course pursued by the makers of put-up medicines for domestic use, and so has published broadcast and openly to the whole world, a full and complete list of all the ingredients entering into the composition of his widely celebrated medicines. Thus he has taken his numerous patrons and patients into his full confidence. Thus too he has absolutely and completely removed his medicines from among secret nostrums of doubtful merits; and made them *Remedies of Known Composition*.

They are now in a class all by themselves—being absolutely and in every sense Non-secret.

By this bold step Dr. Pierce has shown that his formulas are of such excellence that he is not afraid to subject them to the fullest scrutiny.

So many false formulas and malicious statements concerning his medicines had been published through the connivance of jealous competitors and disgruntled doctors, that Dr. Pierce determined to completely disarm his assailants by a full and frank statement of their exact composition, verifying the same under oath as complete and correct. This he has done and to the complete discomfiture of those who had assumed his good name as well as the well-earned reputation of his world-famed medicines.

Not only does the wrapper of every bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the famous medicine for weak stomach, torpid liver or biliousness, and all catarrhal diseases wherever located, have printed upon it, in plain English, a full and complete list of all the ingredients composing it, but a small book has been compiled from numerous standard medical works, of all the different schools of practice, containing very numerous extracts from the writings of leading practitioners of medicine, endorsing in the strongest possible terms, each and every ingredient contained in Dr. Pierce's medicines. One of these little books will be mailed free to any one sending address on postal card or by letter, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and requesting the same. From this booklet it will be learned that Dr. Pierce's medicines contain no alcohol, narcotics, mineral agents or other poisonous or injurious agents and that they are made from native medicinal roots of great value; also that some of the most valuable ingredients contained in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak, nervous, over-worked, "run-down," nervous and debilitated women, were employed, long years ago by the Indians for similar ailments affecting their squaws. In fact, one of the most valuable medicinal plants entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was known to the Indians as "Squaw-Weed." Our knowledge of the uses of not a few of our most valuable native medicinal plants was gained from the Indians.

As made up by improved and exact processes, and with the use of specially designed chemical apparatus, the "Favorite Prescription" is a most efficient remedy for regulating all the womanly functions, correcting displacements, as prolapsus, anteversion and retroversion, overcoming painful periods, toning up the nerves and bringing about a perfect state of health.

ing exhibited at three and \$15 p. m. daily at The Hub, says the Boston Post of the pictures to be seen at Music Hall next Tuesday afternoon and evening. Not only are the twenty rounds of the Burns-O'Brien battle shown, but the preliminary training stunts of both men and the scenes at the camps of the two boxes are put on the screen.

The pictures after the third round are so lifelike that the facial expressions of the boxers and the ringside following are plainly visible.

Referee Jeffries towers above the contestants like the Ames building beside a subway station, and the idea that either O'Brien or Burns could give the big fellow an argument appears ridiculous.

It is evident that a draw was a fair decision, and that Burns is much more clever as a boxer than he is generally given credit for being.

An Important Musical Event

Few young artists have taken up concert work with brighter prospects for deserved success than Miss Clara Clemens, the daughter of Mark Twain, whose coming to Music Hall will be an event in which society will take a marked interest. Miss Clemens's equipment for concert staging consists of a pure contralto voice of unusual depth and range, and a personality of decided charm. Her present concert tour is under the direction of London Charlton, the New York impresario, who directs the tours of Madame Gaski and Madame Sandrich, a fact which may serve to suggest the high esteem in which her services are held. The concert promises to be one of the most interesting events of the season. It will be given on Feb. 22.

#### Will Be Interested

Local theatre goers will be interested in the announcement of the appearance on Feb. 23 of the favorite emotional drama, "East Lynne." The company has been selected with discrimination and in the matter of scenic equipment and accessories the presentation of "East Lynne" will measure up to a high standard. The engagement is for one night only.

#### MET LAST EVENING

A regular meeting of Sagamore Lodge, No. 5, Ancient Order of United Workmen, was held on Friday evening.

On Friday evening there was a meeting of the P. H. S. Debating Club. The question was "Resolved That American labor alone should be employed on the isthmus." Stanley McDaniel and John Griffin supported the affirmative while Philip Badger and Keith Wood supported the negative.

The judges were Principal Hobbs, Edward Parker and Remick Leigh, who decided in favor of the affirmative.

#### THIS DATE IN HISTORY

1796—Amboyna seized by the English.  
1834—Lionel Lubin, inventor of the hot air balloon, died.  
1849—Henry Watterson, American journalist, born.  
1845—George Kennan, explorer and traveler, born.  
1856—John S. Squire, member of British parliament, committed suicide as a result of revelations of gaudy frauds.  
1894—Forty German sailors killed by boiler explosion on cruiser *Bussard*.  
The Clock and the Man.  
When a clock is fast you can always turn it back, but it's different with a young man.—N. Y. Times.

## HE WAS COOLNESS ITSELF.

Philosopher Gives Practical Demonstration of the Value of His Pet Theory.

Perhaps there never was a man who so thoroughly believed in taking things coolly as Mr. Bulteel. The disadvantages of worry, and the foolishness of rush, no matter what circumstance might arise, was the never failing text upon which he hung many and many an improving discourse, says London Answer.

But, as so often happens, Mr. Bulteel's opportunities for putting his favorite theory into practice had been few, until one fateful night when he and his wife were aroused from their midnight slumber by the dread cry, "Fire!"

He was coolness itself. "My dear," he said calmly to his wife, "the time has come when we will find in practice the value of what I have always preached. Dress yourself quickly, but keep cool."

In tense silence they bustled themselves in the operation of quick but unhurried dressing. Then Mr. Bulteel slipped his watch into his waistcoat pocket, and they walked safely out of the burning building.

"There, my dear," he said to his wife, when the danger was over, "you see the great value of my philosophy of coolness. Now, if we had lost our heads—"

His wife glanced at him for the first time since the alarm had been given. "Yes, William," she said, sweetly, "your philosophy is both charming and useful; but really, dear, if I had been you I would have put on a pair of trousers!"

### SIEGE COST 50,000 LIVES.

Persian Town Desert by Arabs Reduced in Population to That Extent.

Leland Buxton, who has returned from a tour of several months in the Persian gulf and in the Yemen, visited Sana, which was recently besieged by the rebel Arabs, says the London Telegraph. He states that he found Sana to be practically depopulated, having been reduced from a population of 70,000 to something like 20,000, as a result of the famine during the Arab siege. The Jews suffered terribly during this period, and almost the whole town is deserted. Sana, which, so far as he knows, has only been visited by a few Englishmen, has magnificent and large buildings, covered with decorations, and the town is surrounded by mud walls. On his way to the capital Mr. Buxton found villages had been destroyed by the Turkish artillery, and that a great portion of the route to Sana was entirely depopulated. Large numbers of skeletons and skulls marked the route.

The siege of Sana was attended by terrible suffering and starvation, and cannibalism occurred both among the Arabs and the Turks. The people were reduced to terrible straits, and one Turk himself admitted that he had killed and eaten three Arabs. The dogs, which are a characteristic feature of most eastern towns, had disappeared, both they and the cats having been used as food. The only European in Sana is an Italian trader, who was in the place throughout the siege, and who has lived there for 20 years.

### TOO MUCH STANAM—ETC.

Magistrate Was Not Equal to the Task of Writing It Down.

There was a Greek victory the other day, and it was won in New York, relates the Sun, of that city. "What's the prisoner's name?" asked Magistrate Finn of Policeman O'Brien, who had put forward a descendant of a hero of Thermopylae in the Tombs court.

"Yer honor—well—I can't say that I know it."

"What?" sharply exclaimed the magistrate.

"Well, yer honor—" began the policeman in a faltering voice.

"I don't know what's the matter with you policemen," snapped the magistrate. "How dare you bring a prisoner here without being able to tell me his name?"

"I can't speak Greek, yer honor," gasped O'Brien.

"What's your name?" queried the magistrate, scowling at the prisoner.

The prisoner looked like one that is dumb until a fellow countryman translated the magistrate's question. Then, with a chuckle, the prisoner shouted: "Stanamanaknapadopolon!"

"Do you think I'm going to write that down? Discharged!" thundered the astonished "Battery Dan."

#### "Dew Ponds."

The "dew pond" is a curious Stone Age relic yet to be traced in Great Britain. In the absence of springs, round hollows were scooped out, and these were covered with straw or other non-conducting material, with a thick layer of clay and stones on top. At night the cold surface of the clay condensed an abundance of water for the cattle to drink.

#### Reciprocity.

Picking up a paper, the caller asked: "Are you a subscriber to this journal?" "Not exactly," replied the would-be poet. "The editor has placed my name on the free list, however, with the understanding that I am not to send him any more contributions."—Chicago Daily News.

#### The Clock and the Man.

When a clock is fast you can always turn it back, but it's different with a young man.—N. Y. Times.

## MUSIC HALL

F. W. HARTFORD - - - - - MANAGER

Monday, Feb. 18th.

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The welfare of the body depend upon how regularly the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels perform their respective duties. Carelessness or delay in attending to Nature's demands, brings on disorders which, sooner or later, have a bad effect on the general health.

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## WAS MUSIC LOVER

### A PET RATTLESNAKE THAT LEARNED THE MANDOLIN.

Played Himself to Sleep with the Exquisite Music He Produced—Explanation of the "Snakeophone."

A few years ago I had a pet rattlesnake which was very fond of music, says a writer in the Chicago Inter-Ocean. In the first place he was attracted to me while I was playing the mandolin one afternoon. He was so charmed by the music that he went into a trance and I was able to secure him and put him into a cage. He afterward had this habit to quite a degree whenever he heard music.

In a short time I let him out of the cage, for he had grown quite fond of me and would crawl upon my shoulder and go to sleep whenever I played. He seemed to fully appreciate the nature of the music, for if it was a sad piece he would droop his head and his body would be convulsed with a fit of sobbing. But if, on the other hand, the music was a gay and lively air, he would keep time by waving his head back and forth, and it seemed like he fairly danced to the music.

One day I had been away from home, and upon returning I heard some most exquisite music proceeding from the house. Upon entering, imag-



ine my surprise to see my pet snake playing "Yankee Doodle" upon the mandolin. He was using his rattles for a pick and was "fingering"—which in this instance might be called "head-ling"—the instrument with the sharp part of his head. It was quite laughable to see his head bobbing back and forth over the frets; but what was stranger of all, he never made a mistake, even in a most difficult passage. After a while he played himself to sleep and I took him and put him in his den.

One day he hit upon quite a novel way of making music. He went out into the yard, where there were two small shrubs growing about a foot apart, and, wrapping himself around one of them, he stretched himself over to the other and wrapped himself around that one also. Then he beckoned to me with his head, but it was quite a while before I could understand what he meant. At length I made out what he wanted, and taking a smooth stick from the yard I went to him and commenced to strike him gently. He drew himself up tighter, still and then the vibration of his body which my stick was making began to be heard. He seemed to be highly pleased, for he waved his head with glee. Finally he found that by contracting and relaxing his body he could make different sounds.

One morning while I was playing my "snakeophone" he began to experiment in making different sounds. In a short time he had learned how to run the scale, and in about an hour he was able to play "Blue Bell" in a very heartrending manner. Such fine liquid sounds cannot be produced by anything else in the world that I know of. It is a source of much pleasure to me that I have a graphophone record of the fine work of my snake, which is now dead.

My pet met his death in a very peculiar manner. I took him with me to a near by town to hear an Italian harp which was to be played by an expert performer. He enjoyed the music very much until the man began to play "Il Trovatore" and then I saw that he was going into a trance. I tried my best to keep him from it, but could not. I took him home in that condition and he never came out from under the influence. He died a very peaceful death and I buried him in the family lot in the graveyard.

**Famed Lover of Flowers.**  
Anthony Cook, 90 years old, a kindly old "wizard of flowers," who said he introduced the geranium into this country from his native land, Germany, and also propagated the famed American beauty rose, died the other day at Baltimore, with the odor of his beloved roses blowing at his chamber window.

**Queer Pets of Soldiers.**  
The Lancers of New South Wales have an emu and a kangaroo. "Peter," the goose, became a pet of the Grenadiers while in Canada. The lame bird limped up to a sentry one night and held up a hurt foot for his inspection. He attended to the wound and the bird thereafter refused to leave the camp, so the soldiers adopted it.

**Still Believe in "Black Art."**  
The astonishing fact has just come to light that Prof. Richard Garnett, librarian of the British museum, who died recently, for years had devoted much time to the "black art" of astrology. Even more extraordinary is the circumstance that business men of New York and other cities regularly consulted him regarding contemplated ventures.

### UNCLE REUBEN SAYS.

I've known a man to kick just as hard against a soft corn as against a carbuncle, and so what's the use of wasting human sympathy?

I never knew of but one case of the office seeking the man. There was no salary attached to it and no chance for graft, and the patriot brought up in the poorhouse.

There has never been a time in my life when I didn't think I could manage my neighbor's business better than he could, and I suppose I shall keep on thinking so the rest of my days.

When you find a man who says there is no longer any chance for integrity and ambition in this country just remind him that every farmer in his county stands ready any day in the week for a horse trade.

I carried insurance on my barn for 29 years and then gave it up. The next year she burned to the ground. The difference between Providence and a fire insurance company is the money you get to build a new barn with.

We don't have any need of ice in January, but still we sort of like to see it around. On the same principle we have about a thousand dead laws on the statute-books of the state. They are of no particular use to anybody, but they look well in print.

In the days of my youth I didn't blame a man for getting mad when he was called a liar, but I had hardly grown wiser when I discovered that a man who was lying like Satan would get just as mad over the epithet as one who was telling the solemn truth.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

### REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

It's awful bad luck to have it.

Wonder what happens when a plumber gets hold of Rockefeller?

Sometimes women play cards at a card party if there is nothing to talk about.

A woman seems to be afraid that if she wears anything on her feet and chest she might catch cold.

The more a man curls his mustache the more he seems to think it takes the place of brains.

The reason a girl can fool her mother so easily is her mother used to do the same things herself.

When a man isn't afraid to call a waistcoat a vest he is so rich he knows he can do anything he wants to.

A girl is so afraid a man in a street car will look at her that she keeps looking at him to see if he does until he does.

What a woman likes about a trip to Europe is the way it makes her friends mad when she announces she is going.

To a woman it would hardly seem like being married unless she worried over whether her husband wore warm enough flannels.—N. Y. Press.

### SAM WELLERISMS.

You're in a tight fix, as the tin opener whispered to the sardine.

I've got a magic lantern, as Aladdin observed when he collared the wonderful lamp.

Better late than never, as the chap remarked to his wife, when he came home with the milk in the morning.

I'm afraid I've made you cross, as the man said when he beckoned his friend to come over the road.

He swindled on a large scale, as the inspector of weights and measures said of a fraudulent coal merchant.

My spring costume, as the Harlequin observed, when he put on his pantomime clothes.

That's the real woman's question, as the chap observed when his wife asked him if her hat was on straight.

I'd like to take a rise out of you, as the clerk remarked to his employer when he wanted an increase of salary.

I'm cutting a pretty figure, as Hardy remarked when he dodged round the corner to avoid the beautiful but expensive Miss Jolly Goodenough.

### LITTLE TRAILERS.

It is a mistake to do things to please others when instinct dictates otherwise.

Shaving in small things shows a disposition to care for the big ones even if not lived up to.

You will find life full of sweet sorrow if you do not expect from it what it can not give.

Disappointment should always be taken as a stimulant, and never viewed as a discouragement.

Mankind is always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy 20 years hence by the memory of it.

### FORTUNE IN FISH BAIT.

Maine Florist Able to Retire on Money Made by Raising Earthworms.

By far the most popular bait for all kinds of fishing in Maine is living earth worms, which have the odor of the ground about them and which seem to be choice tidbits, not only for trout and landlocked salmon, but also for pickerel, perch, black bass and, indeed, every species of food fish that swims in fresh water. As the Maine soil is deficient in humus and lacking in decaying vegetable matter, angleworms are not plentiful.

More than ten years ago, says the New York Sun, Carl Beers, a florist of Bangor, went into the business of rearing earth worms for the purpose of selling them to the local fishermen, as well as for shipment to Boston. He imported a breed of dark purple worms from Belgium, which were prolific breeders, though coarse and strong favored, and later he secured a box of giant angleworms from India. In the course of a few years he was able to supply live worms by the millions to his customers.

Those shipped to Boston were sold in job lots for 75 cents a pound. To the home customers he sold worms of average size for ten cents a dozen. Though his greenhouse was a small one, and though his trade in flowers was never extensive, he made money rapidly from the sale of worms, until last year, when he retired and went to his old home in Sweden a wealthy man.

Sidney Cook, of Presque Isle, the inventor of several diving appliances used by men who work in deep waters, was the next man to attract attention as a public benefactor in the bait line. Mr. Cook says his invention was made possible through having watched the Indians of Canada when they sought worms for bait.

"All earth worms come to the surface at night," said he, "and feed on the grasses and rotting leaves near the entrance to their burrows. While the worms were busy eating, the Indians of Canada had a habit of dragging a blanket with its under side smeared with bird lime along the surface of the land, thus picking up the fat worms, together with sticks and lumps of earth and small pebbles. After dredging the land for a time the Indians carried the blanket to the camp, picked off the worms and added another coating of bird lime. Though I have been praised very much for my invention, it is not mine by rights, as I gained the idea from Indians."

"The only change I have made is to go out with a light giving forth a violet color, and allowing it to shine for a few minutes upon the land to be visited with the smeared blanket. Most lights frighten earthworms and drive them underground, which is the reason why they feed in the dark, but a light that carries a blue or a violet blue shade seems to soothe the creatures and makes them careless of danger."

"Or perhaps the worms are hypnotized by the strange glare and cannot get away. That is the way a dash lamp acts upon deer at night, and I think a deer should know as much as an angleworm."

### NAVAJO SUPERSTITIONS.

Sacred Meal Necessary to Bring Luck in Hunting and Protection to Home.

The mother-in-law joke must have originated with the Navajo, for after marriage a Navajo dare not look into the face of his wife's mother, says the Albuquerque Indian. If by chance he catches a glimpse of her it takes much heaving and many prayers to feel secure against dangerous results. It is no uncommon sight to see the most brave and reverend chief walk backward, run like a scared dog, or hide his face in the depths of his blanket to avoid the dreaded sight.

To have luck in hunting it is necessary to scatter the sacred meal before he house, to place a small stone on a heap beside the trail and to offer a plume to the mother above.

To comfort one in distress or to ward off prospective distress the women and children wear red wristbands. If they wish to be protected by horse above on entering their home they take a pinch of sacred meal from a bowl kept in a niche in the wall and scatter it to the north, west, south, east, up and down, meanwhile saying some prayers.

To bring harm to the guilty it is only necessary to bury two bunches of owl or raven feathers near the place where the suspected one sleeps or lives after presenting it to the six regions. The third bunch of feathers is buried near the owner's fireplace in the kitchen to protect him or her from invasion of enemies.

Dark colored or blue corn is connected with evil magic. The power of speech is attributed to it. This corn belongs to the witches, and is said to speak in absence of its owners and to tell their whereabouts or doings.

Should a person suffering from a snake bite look upon a woman furnishing nourishment to an infant death would be the result.

### Solemnity a Medical Asset.

The days are past when every self-respecting doctor was expected to dress in a style tastefully blending the divine with the undivine. But a "sustained and impenetrable solemnity" is still a priceless possession for those who would achieve success in medicine. If this is a natural gift, so much the better; if not, it should be acquired at any cost.—British Medical Journal.

### SENTENCE SERMONS.

Habit is our heaven or our hell.

The heartless are spiritually homeless.

Love of the law finds liberty in the law.

The way to keep friends is to keep faith.

The heaviest chains are made from liberties abused.

The sleeping church always awakes to shame.

Scratch a chronic critic and you find a hypocrite.

He cannot move hearts whose heart cannot be moved.

A moonshiny religion does not make a sunshiny world.

He who must be goaded to do right is going to do wrong.

A worthy life is impossible without a worthy motive.

The worst punishment of sin is that one learns to love it.

You never know what is in a man until he gets to a minority.

Eloquence has a tendency to act as an evaporator for religion.

The bread of life is never on the lips of the bread and butter preacher.

The best point in a sermon is that which pierces your self-satisfaction.

The only good that really is good for any is that which works good for all.—Chicago Tribune.

### WITH THE SAGES.

Often do the spirits of great events stride on before the events, and in to-day already walks to-morrow.—Coleridge.

Idleness and pride tax with a heavier hand than kings and parliaments. If we can get rid of the former we can easily bear the latter.—Franklin.

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore, let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other.—Bacon.

Let each endeavor to be of use to himself and others. This is not a precept or a counsel, but the utterance of life itself.—Goethe.

In matters of conscience, first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence last thoughts are best.—Rev. Robert Hall.

Be not uneasy, discouraged, or out of humor, because practice falls short of precept in some particulars. If you happen to be beaten, return to the charge.—Marcus Aurelius.

Observe what direction your thoughts and feelings most readily take when you are alone, and you will then form a tolerably correct opinion of yourself.—Bengel.

We must not care for the length of life, but for a life sufficient for our duties. Life is long if it is full; but it is full when the soul hath completed its development and hath shown all its latent powers.—Seneca.

### OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

When there is a man in the house just sick enough to stay indoors it behooves everybody to walk straight, or there is certain to be trouble.

A woman always has a happy married life if only she has tact enough to let her husband always have his own way without in any way interfering with her having hers.

"I don't know how men propose," remarked the ever-delightful Dooley in his recently published Dissertations. "I never thirted it but want, an 'thirted girl said 'th' lady was not at home. No man will ever tell ye. Most married men give ye th' impression that their wives stole them from their agonized parents."

We have banished the dreadful ideal of the young woman that Dickens enthroned upon the British hearth—the posing, hypocritical, impossible young woman. Better the broad, manly feet of the hockey girl, the toad-quitting mind of the high school girl, the bills and the frank, unashamed callousness of the smart girl, the swear words and inordinate freedom of speech and ideas of the hunting girl, the peering morality of the problematical girl—better all our modern crosses than that old tyranny of femininity pose.

### BY THE WAY.

Few people ever notice the clock until it has stopped.

You will never be disappointed if you expect ingratitude in return for favors.

It is unfortunately always easy to find a satisfactory reason for hating somebody.

The most awful failures result from trying to be funny when nature made you solemn.—Uncle Dick, in Madison Journal.

### BELGIUM'S ART REGNANT.

Growing Industries Fail to Stamp Out the Work of Post and Painter.

No country is more frankly industrial than Belgium. Within a few decades the meadows of Brabant, the leafy copses of Hainaut, and the valleys of the Meuse and the Sambre have been seamed and scarred by hundreds of collieries and iron foundries, writes Christian Brinton, in "A Sculptor of the Laborer," in Century. Everything, it would appear, has conspired to annihilate art and the sense of beauty, yet both have survived and have even taken on new and deeper significance. The novels of Camille Lemonnier, the verse of Verhaeren and the gentle mysticism of the Maeterlinck have all flowered on this somber battlefield of industry. In painting Laermans and Frederic reveal a penetrating mastery, while the sculpture of George Minne embodies a dolorous and tender appeal.

It is not despite, but because of, existing conditions that such results have been achieved. The art of Belgium is uncompromisingly social. It has never been and never can be, a mere matter of play or prettiness. Nowhere is the social function of art more clearly understood; nowhere is its expression more robust or more concrete. Around Charles de Groux, the apostle of the poor, the painter of the forlorn and famished, gathered a group of men whose creed was actuality, whose passion was not rapid, languid loveliness, but a truth that could enlist the deepest human emotions and aspirations. The supreme accent of the movement did not, however, manifest itself in painting or in letters. It was voiced in the vigorous yet resigned art of Constantin Meunier.

### FOR CHARITY'S SAKE ONLY

Scheme for Corraling Her Husband's Loose Change Worked by Wife.

A West Philadelphia man who determined a few days ago to abstain totally from strong drink for a period was persuaded by his wife into a financial arrangement which threatened to work disastrously, relates the Philadelphia Record.

The agreement was that every time the man refused an invitation to take a drink he was to put the money which he would probably have spent in returning the compliment into a pocket reserved for the purpose and give the contents of the pocket to his wife every night. She was to use this money for charity, and for fear the husband might not have always the exact change to put in the pocket she provided him with a number of beans to be used as counters, valued at five cents each, and to save bookkeeping and memorizing.

The first evening the man got home he found 46 cents in cash in his pocket and 23 beans. This marked a very exceptional day, the man declared, but the next evening he found his pocket carried one dime and 33 beans. Then he alleged that he would probably have refused some of the invitations which he had counted even if he had not been on the water wagon, whereupon his wife confessed that she had made arrangements with her father, her brother and her sister's husband to go to the abstainer every day as often as possible with an invitation to drink.

Since it all went to charity the husband took the joke, but now, though the arrangement is still on, the wife's receipts from the pocket have materially lessened.

### BOTHERSOME SQUIRELS.

Little Animals Getting to Be a Pest in the Town of Evans-ton, Ill.

The festive Evanston squirrel has become so rampant that appeals to the police for protection against his depredations are coming in thick and fast, says the Chicago Post. Chief of Police Frost has decided to ask the council to repeal the ordinance making the killing of the little animals a punishable offense.

Added to their former pranks of eating lead pipe and ransacking garrets, the squirrels have taken up the habit of robbing hens' nests and breaking up dovecotes. Angry women daily are in consultation with the police and telling chief Frost their troubles.

To all these complaints the chief replies that everyone is entitled to protect her property, and if the complainant can throw a stone straight the law will not deprive her of the privilege. "The squirrels seem to have become more of a pest than a pet," says Col. Frost. "They are gnawing into houses all over the suburb and are committing all sorts of other depredations."

### Oolong Tea.

It is estimated that in 15 years the export of Chinese-grown oolong tea from the port of Amoy has fallen off from approximately 15,000,000 pounds to 900,000 pounds. Of this the United States imported not one pound. There were shipped, however, through the port of Amoy to America, in 1901, 11,324,067 pounds of oolong tea from Formosa.

**New York Bonds.**  
In less than two years New York has issued \$122,500,000 of bonds, offset to a small extent, however, by the payment of maturing issues and by an accumulating sinking fund. Deducting the sinking fund, the debt on January 1, was \$472,575,000, against \$376,000,000 two years before and \$279,000,000 on January 1, 1901.

### EGGS 700 YEARS OLD.

Found in London Years Ago, They Are Believed to Date from the Twelfth Century.

Workmen excavating in London 67 years ago found a basket of eggs at a depth of 35 feet. It is supposed that the eggs were deposited in the basket in the early part of the twelfth century. The eggs were three in number, rather larger than the ordinary hen



product and were probably laid by some aquatic bird. Two of them are entire, but one had been broken, and the escape of its contents appeared to have corroded a part of the bottom of the basket. These eggs were honeycombed all over with shallow indentations, which would lead one to believe that they had been originally blotted or spotted over with some coloring matter, and one might conclude that the iodine or other matter which colors such eggs had eroded the surface, only that there were similar indentations in the rim of the basket, though fewer in number and less conspicuous than those of the eggs.

Except these indented marks two of the eggs seemed perfectly entire, and the third one was also entire in the upper part, the fracture being below. Eggs and basket were now completely soldered into one mass, so that they couldn't be separated, and the whole like what is usually found in chalk, was converted, not into black flint, but into gray flint, or chert. This was rendered quite plain by a small piece, which was chipped out of the side of the basket, and which is shown at the place marked by the letter A, where the fracture is conchoidal like that of glass, and the color is gray.—N. Y. Herald.

### NESTS LIKE SMALL TOWNS.

Habitations Built by the Grosbeak Capable of Accommodating Five Hundred Birds.

The grosbeak, a bird common to tropical countries, frequently builds



its nest in the trees large enough to accommodate 500 or more birds. The nests are built of bushman's grass, and are frequently 20 feet or more in diameter. Nests have been found which contain as many as 250 different cells or individual nests.

### SAVES YEARS OF TIME.

Figures That Will Surprise Even the Inveterate User of the Telephone.

The intimate association of the telephone with every form of daily living is completely, characteristically American. It grows while you watch it; for every day it absorbs, at the smallest possible estimate, more than 5,000 new telephone instruments, part of them going to replace instruments already worn out in service, but a good proportion going to new subscribers, and the further annihilation of time and space between seventy-odd millions of people scattered over the United States. That it saves time for these millions goes, of course, without saying, but in the past years the total amount saved annually by the average reduction of four seconds per message affected during that period by the Bell systems, presents one of the most startlingly curious examples of time economy that the world has yet witnessed. In a single year these four seconds saved on each telephone call count up to a grand total of 14,389,922,000 seconds—in other words, to 445 years of time—a link in the chain of eternity that would carry us back 42 years before the discovery of America.

Inertia. Mosely Wrings—You used to move in good society, didn't ye?

Wareham Long—I never done any movin' when I could help it, in any kind o' society.—Chicago Tribune.

Hate. "I hate that man."

"What has he ever done to you?" "Nothing, but he was present once when I made a fool of myself."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## MUSIC HALL

F. W. HARTFORD, MANAGER

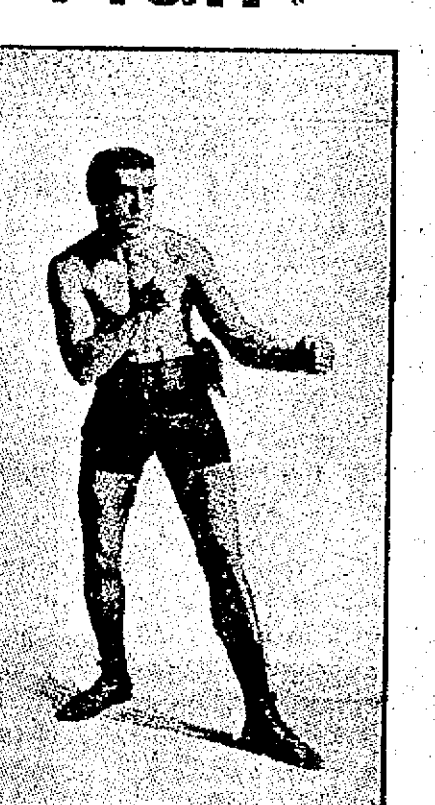
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Matinee Prices 15c, 25c.

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produces fine results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when others fail. Young men can regain their lost manhood, and old men may recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and quietly moves Nervousness, Poor, Failing Memory, Weakness, such as Loss of Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and effects of self-abuse or excess and indigestion, which units one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures but starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off approaching disease. Insist on having REVIVO. It can be carried in your pocket. By mail, \$1.00 per packet, or six for \$5.







## WHY SO WEAK?

Kidney Troubles May be Sapping Your Life Away. Portsmouth People Have Learned This Fact

When a healthy man or woman begins to run down without apparent cause, becomes weak, languid, depressed, suffers backache, headache, dizzy spells and urinary disorders, look to the kidneys for the cause of it all. Keep the kidneys well and they will keep you well. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys and keep them well. Here is Portsmouth testimony to prove it.

Mrs. Minnie Weston, of Cate street, Portsmouth, N. H., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills proved very effective in my husband's case. For a year previous to 1897 he had kidney trouble. Sometimes he would have severe backaches and headaches and there would be a soreness in the region of the kidneys. At other times the pains would be sharp and shooting, as far up as the shoulders. He also suffered from a urinary difficulty. He read about Doan's Kidney Pills and procured a box at Phillips' Pharmacy. They seemed to go right to the seat of the disease. He never found anything to help him as they did. He recommended them at that time through the papers, and during the past eight years he has many times praised them to his friends and acquaintances."

For sale by all Dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

## UNSOCIAL NEW YORK

An Indiana Woman's Impression

"What impresses me most in New York is the fact that nobody seems to know anybody else," the Indiana woman wrote home. "When I came to visit Kate I expected to meet a number of pleasant people and be entertained by them, as she is when she visits me."

"As a matter of fact I have met nobody. The only woman acquaintance of hers I have seen was one who happened to meet me in a shop. Then Kate hurried me around the other way, because she said she only happened to know her because they sat at the next table in the apartment hotel here they used to live, and she did not care to keep up the acquaintance. 'The reason for this seemed to be the fact that the woman always seemed to have got all her clothes last year.'

"I have been in every shop of my size in the city, and in nearly every department of each one. When interest days Kate takes me to have my hair manicured, to the manicure, or even, as a last resort, to a Turkish bath. She is taking lessons in physical culture to keep down her flesh and studying theology under the most fashionable Swami in town."

"She has bridge lessons and attends a series of morning lectures upon the art of the fourteenth century and another on the true ideals of Bach. At each of them ethereal sandwiches and anemic tea are served in china which looks as if it would crumble in your hand. But none of the women present betrays by the flicker of an eyelid her consciousness of the fact that there are others in the room."

"We lunch at restaurants of which we read in society novels in Indiana and take tea at places which have no sign above the door, are located in out of the way side streets and never seem to lose the odor of violets worn by their patrons. Kate never, by any chance, knows any one, personally; but sometimes in an excited whisper she points out a woman whose name is written among the first ten of the Four Hundred."

"That evening at dinner she tells her husband about it and says what a lovely day we have had."

"Sometimes we dine at restaurants deafened by shrill music, where the only person to whom we can speak is the velvet shod waiter, who politely snubs us. There a noted divorcee or a leading man in society drama with his next wife is pointed out to me with exaltation."

"Kate seems perfectly happy and her husband apparently enjoys it as much as she does. She wonders repeatedly whether the woman at the table back of us is or is not the beauty whose portrait is frequently printed. She also decides that her new hat with the huge rose in front and a little to the left is already out of style."

"Her husband's contribution to the gaiety of the evening is the pointing out of a fat man whose business methods in the forming of subsidiary companies are about to be investigated. As for me, I am so homesick that I almost weep into my dentifrice when I remember the jolly little chafing dish parties for ten after the Tuesday lecture on art which we give by turns at home in Indiana."

"Once we went to the opera, and Kate was well nigh hysterical with delight when she was able to fit names to half a dozen women in the boxes. There, when you go back to Indiana, you can tell them that you saw Mrs. Wastor and two of the Goudorffs, she triumphed."

"Yesterday we were invited to lunch with a woman we used to know in Indiana, who had heard of my presence in the city through letters. I expected a nice, homey time, talking of people we all know; but I was disappointed."

"We lunched in the public dining-room of the apartment hotel, on made-over dishes with French names. While we ate it our hostess and Kate discussed the transaction of a bride whom Kate thought she had once seen."

"After that they told each other how often they dined at fashionable restaurants and how particular each one was to have a particular table engaged for her each time. When we went up stairs they compared all the new fashions until it was time for us to go home."

"Once or twice I have gone with Kate to her dressmaker, who brags about her fashionable patrons and tells Kate her figure is exactly like that of Mrs. Farrington. Then there is the beauty doctor who waxes eloquent and persuasive over the very newest shade of hair."

"To-morrow I return to Indiana. Kate pills me; she says she would rather die than go back and wants me to induce my husband to sell out his business and come to New York. As for me, I am counting the hours to train time."

"Not because I don't like New York, but because I want to get back among people who know each other. Yes, I am going home, and the very first thing I do after I kiss my husband will be to telephone to every woman I know to run over and have a nice, family talk."

The Brute.  
She always addressed him as Mr. Dolph. I don't think you need know that they're well. Like a body he has said that he wishes his kindness held Mr. Dolph's Weekly.

## MR. PERKY'S FINDING

(Copyright, 1934, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

It was after midnight that a boat deposited Capt. Higbie on his schooner, the Dolphin, loaded and ready to sail for Portland. Capt. Higbie had bidden his many friends ashore a somewhat spirituous farewell, and his libations, together with coming from the darkness into the lighted cabin, caused him to blink owlishly at his mate and a stranger.

"This is Mr. Perky," said the mate, "he's going with us to Portland as a passenger."

"Ay, ay," responded the skipper, shaking affectionately the hand of Mr. Perky, "take the port stateroom, my lad."

"You see, captain," said Mr. Perky, confidentially, "I'm leaving Baltimore kind of sudden because I'm afraid I might be taken back."

"Capt. Higbie became interested. 'Police matter?' he asked."

"No, it isn't," replied Mr. Perky, with decision. "I've been boarding with the widow Manship and she's made up her mind that I am to marry her. Now, I don't want to marry her nor any other woman and I won't." Here Mr. Perky spoke in decided tones. "But, you don't know Mrs. Manship. She gets terribly set on a thing, and if I stayed in Baltimore she'd marry me sure. If she knew I was on this schooner she'd take me off of her."

"If you keep under hatches," remarked the mate, "you'll be all safe."

"I wouldn't feel safe from her if I was eluding on top of the North Pole," retorted Mr. Perky, gloomily.

The Dolphin was two days getting down to Hampton Roads and then a boat put off from shore and hailed her. A tall bony woman scaled the ladder easily and walked to the quarter deck. "Is this your schooner the Dolphin?" she asked.

"Yes, mum," replied the mate.

"Then tell Mr. Perky to get ready to go ashore with me."

"You are Mrs. Manship?" inquired the mate.

"I am," replied the lady. "Tell Mr. Perky to hurry and hurry a little yourself."

The mate called down into the cabin, where the skipper and Mr. Perky were eating breakfast, that Mrs. Manship had come for him.

"Save me, captain," cried Mr. Perky. "I knew she'd come after me."

"Push," said the captain, "I'll send her off under full sail. What I don't know about managing women has got to be learned."

"I can't let Mr. Perky go," said the skipper to Mrs. Manship. "I've obligated myself to deliver him at Portland, and to Portland he goes."

"Well," remarked Mrs. Manship, "of course I'd like him to go ashore. I'd like him, but I kind of like the sea. My first husband was a sailor and was lost. I haven't heard from him for five years. I'll go to Portland, too. Make out your bill for the passage money."

"I can't," began the skipper.

"I don't care whether you can or can't," said Mrs. Manship, coolly. "I'm going. 'Boy,' she called to the darkey in the boat, 'hand up my bag and go home.'"

Then she called down the cabin stairs, "Come up, Hiram."

The next morning Mr. Perky asked the captain to give him a job.

"I haven't any job to give you," said the skipper. "You're a passenger and we're fully manned."

"I want to sit on those cross sticks and try to discover something," insisted Mr. Perky, pointing to the cross-sticks.

"What could you discover?" asked the skipper.

"Oh, wrecks, rocks or icebergs," said Mr. Perky.

With the assent of the skipper Mr. Perky climbed up to the cross-trees and sat there. When breakfast was ready he declined coming down, urging that a discovery was imminent. He lowered two tin pails with which he had provided himself and hauled up some coffee and provisions.

Mrs. Manship seemed surprised at Mr. Perky's occupation but contented herself with sitting on the hatch and watching him.

Then Mr. Perky hallowed that he had discovered something. It looked like a man tied to a plank.

"By gum," exclaimed the skipper, looking through his glass, "it is a man clinging to a plank."

The schooner was put about and the eastward rescued. He declared he had fallen from a ship and by accident found a drifting plank to cling to. Curiously brought Mrs. Manship from the hatch and she glanced at the rescued man, then she screamed.

"My long lost Ezra. I've mourned you for dead."

"My lost husband," she said to the skipper as she embraced the eastward. Mr. Perky now descended from his perch and joined them.

"That's the man who discovered you," said the skipper, pointing to Mr. Perky.

Mr. Manship promptly disengaged himself from his wife's embrace and thanked Mr. Perky down.

"That'll teach you to discover things," he growled.

"It's all right," said Mr. Perky, arising and wiping the blood from his nose. "I know how you feel."

Mr. Manship growled.

When the Dolphin reached Portland Mrs. Manship led her husband down the gang plank, but Mr. Perky remained aboard.

"Going to stay in Portland?" asked the skipper.

"I'm going to buy a ticket to Mexico," replied Mr. Perky.

"That's a long ways off," remarked the skipper.

"I want it to be," retorted Mr. Perky, with emphasis.

## AN UNWELCOME BOMB

He spent at least half his time at the second hand store. This does not mean that his financial condition was so desperate it was necessary for him to part with the things he prized. It was his love of the antique that drew him to the second-hand stores. Furniture was his hobby and when he came upon a desk that had been made in another land and years ago his enthusiasm burst all bounds.

"I'll buy it!" he shouted in his enthusiasm and failed to remember he had forgotten to ask the price. "Put it in a wagon and send it to the house."

It came the next morning and he was there to receive it.

"A beauty, eh?" he murmured to his wife.

"Oh, well, very nice, but—"

"Oh, of course, you can find flaws," he interrupted. "I'd like to see you get enthusiastic about something."

The wife didn't share the enthusiasm her husband possessed for all things that were old. He opened drawer after drawer and seemed to revel in the excellent workmanship he had discovered.

"What is this?" he demanded suddenly.

"What have you found now?" queried the wife.

"I don't know, but look."

She did and was dismayed.

"That's a bomb. Where did you find it?"

"In this secret drawer."

The gladness had faded from his face. So had the color from that of his wife.

"What if we had dropped it?" queried he.

"What if you had?" queried she.

"They stood and looked at one another for a moment. Both were speechless."

"What can I do with it?" he queried.

"Never having owned a bomb, I can't say," she retorted.

"Oh, don't get sarcastic. I'll toss it in the garbage pail."

"Horrors, no!" she shrieked. "If you toss it in the garbage pail it will go off. Then where'll we be?"

"I hadn't thought of that," he said. They were silent. He was thinking and she was doing the same.

"What can I do with it?" he murmured, and picked the bomb from the floor.

"I have it. Send for a messenger boy and send it to the chief of police."

"Oh, how nice of you," he muttered, and there was sarcasm in the tone.

"Wrap it up carefully and give to the boy. You wouldn't have me tell him what it is. He would fall. There would be an explosion. I would be a murderer in the eyes of the law. You must be exceedingly anxious to realize on that insurance policy."

"Oh, forgive me; I was just joking."

"Of course. But don't any more," he answered.

They fell to thinking once more.

"What shall we do?" she queried.

"Ah, I have it," he answered. "I'll board a car. I'll ride downtown and as I pass over the Wells street bridge I'll toss it into the river."

"Fine," she chorused, "and I'll go with you."

"Oh, no. There might be an accident. There might be a collision and we'd both go up."

"Oh, but I insist upon going."

She was very firm and five minutes later they were aboard the car.

There was no accident. But they attracted much attention. Everybody on the car wondered what was in the package the man held so tenderly.

They were nearing the bridge when the man arose and walked to the rear platform of the car.

"I go with you," she muttered.

"Oh, no."

"No scene in the car, mind you. I go with you," she said, and did.

The car was passing over the bridge. His hand was raised high and the package was in it.

"Oh!" she shrieked, and the hand descended. But the bomb was not buried into space nor into the water below.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Don't throw it. You might hit an iron cable. If you did it would explode and we'd all be killed."

"But what can I do?" he demanded. "Just carry it on," was her advice, and they sought the car.

Of course, they couldn't spend the day in the downtown district with the bomb beneath their arms. They thought of placing it in one of the boxes marked "Help Keep the City Clean." They were afraid, however, and it was when the pangs of hunger began to worry them that they stopped and determined the fate of the bomb and their own must be settled definitely and at once.

"What shall we do?" she asked.

"I'm sure I don't know, but—"

He halted, for he saw a policeman approaching. He advanced to the foot of the car.

"I am not an anarchist," he began.

"I am a good friend of the city. I have with me one bomb which I should like to dispose of."

The officer, wasn't pleased at the prospect of carrying it to headquarters, but he was brave and finally accepted the charge. So was another man placed to the credit of the city and the heart of a man and the heart of a woman made light.

Drink plenty of water, some of the clearer varieties being preferable; that which you get from the millman may contain bacilli.

## A CHANGE OF HEART.

(Copyright, 1934, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

The objections Bessie Upton had to Conway were that he was too good, too inoffensive, too polite and too dignified.

Pauline Gerrish, who is herself not wholly devoid of personal attractions, asked Bessie one day why she snubbed poor Conway so.

"I can't snub him, dearest girl," replied Bessie. "I may try to occasionally, but my venomous shafts can't penetrate his armor of mild dignity and sweet courtesy. They rebound and hit me. He has the effect of always putting me in the wrong, and I don't know of anything more maddening than that."

"He's good-looking."

"I suppose he is."

"And he dances better than any of the men I know."

"Yes, I like to dance with him myself."

"He worships the ground you walk on."

"I can't help that."

"I'm not so sure, Bessie; I believe you do give him a little encouragement now and then. As to being too good, I don't believe in such a thing in a man. They're not made that way. Well, if you don't want him I'll take him and see what I can make of him."

"You are welcome as far as I am concerned."

Accordingly, Pauline made her little experiment. Bessie found herself watching it with some interest. She observed that Conway was quite unresponsive, and she felt a little impatient with him.

"The idiot!" she exclaimed to herself, as he left Pauline's side in obedience to her merest beckoning glance. If he had any sense at all he would just stay where he was."

She hardly knew why she had called him to her. When he came, with an expectant look in his brown eyes, she said, rather coldly: "Well?"

"I thought you wanted me," he said.

"You were mistaken," declared Miss Bessie. "I did not."

Conway smiled good-humoredly, and was turning away with a bow when she stopped him.

"Suppose I had?" she said. "Why should you rush over the instant as I—"

He waited a moment, politely, for her to complete the statement, and then, as she seemed to have no intention of doing so, said, calmly: "Because you wanted me."

"That's reasoning in a vicious circle," she said, in slight confusion, "or, rather, it isn't reason at all."

"Then I will give you the reason more fully," he said. "It's because I love you, and it is my highest pleasure to obey a wish of yours. Will you try me?"

It was rather sudden, but of course Bessie knew better than to tell him that. She told him, however, that it was impossible and hopeless. He was foolish enough to press her for a reason, and in a fit of nervous irritation she told him he was too good, too inoffensive, too polite and too dignified. He assures her that she was altogether mistaken, but he took his refusal in a manner that proved his title to the virtues she had mentioned, and it was some time before she saw him again.

She was in a street car—one of the open summer variety, and she heard his voice behind her with a peculiar thrill. He was not speaking to her, though. He was addressing a burly-looking person with a stubble of black beard on a particularly prominent jaw. He spoke politely, begging this individual to refrain from thrusting his arm in his face as he spread his newspaper before him.

"What's the matter with you?" growled the big man.

"Nothing at all serious," said Conway, evenly. "It's merely unpleasant. I know you don't realize that you were making a nuisance of yourself, so you must excuse me for calling your attention to the fact for the third and last time."

Bessie noticed that his color was heightened as he and the burly man glared at each other. She thought, though it alarmed her, that Conway's glare was becoming. At last the burly man, with a snort of contempt, transferred his gaze to his newspaper, which he held in the same objectionable position. Conway instantly snatched it from his hands and threw it from the car, and as the burly man rose he struck him under the chin, using at the same time a decidedly bad word. As the burly man staggered back, he clutched at Conway to save himself, and the next instant the two had fallen from the car and were rolling in the muddy street.

Bessie got off at the next corner. When she reached Conway, he was sitting on the curbstone, looking rather sick and faint. One eye was swollen almost shut, and his nose had bled a little. His collar was half off and his necktie was hanging over his back. His coat was torn in several places. The remark of one of the crowd that he looked as if he had been "up against it" was certainly justified.

Bessie helped him into the providential cab with the assistance of the cabman, and to his horror followed him herself. He rather brokenly explained his sense of humiliation, but she stopped him by wiping his face with her dainty little handkerchief. The way she did it was—well!

"I wouldn't have had this happen for you to see for the world," protested Conway. "I sprained my ankle and the brute got away. If I ever get my hands on him—"

"Hush!" said Bessie. "That's unchristian. And if you knew how glad I was. Now let me fix that tie. You poor boy!"

"Bessie," cried Conway, suddenly, "has anything changed your feeling for me since I last saw you? Tell me?"

Bessie laughed nervously. "You know what my objections were," she said. "Now if you think you have been good and inoffensive—and dignified, I don't."

But that may not have been the reason, after all.

## Burial of the Poor.

They stopped to let a funeral procession go by. It is bad luck to cross one. "It's all right with the rich," said she, "but I have often wondered how the poor people manage to bury themselves. I don't know what I would do if I died. I couldn't rake up \$300 for funeral expenses to save my life, and I don't know a blooming undertaker that I could have the check to stave off."

## The Right Kind of a Boy.

To enjoy fishing and shooting a boy has got to have it bred into him, and most American boys have it. The boy who had rather go out in the woods and on the waters and work all day like a harvest hand and come home so tired he had rather go to bed than wait for supper has got the ginger in him to make an American citizen of the first class.—Outer's Book.

## Poetic Belief of Finns.

The ancient Finns believed that a mystic bird laid an egg on the lap of Vaimainou, who hatched it in his bosom. He let it fall into the water, and it broke, the lower portion of the shell forming the earth, the upper the sky; the liquid white became the sun, and the yolk the moon, while the little fragments of broken shell were transformed into stars.

## Broad Hint.

The following advertisement recently appeared: "Being aware that it is indelicate to advertise for a husband, I refrain from doing so; but if any gentleman should be inclined to advertise for a wife I will answer the advertisement without delay. I am young, am domesticated, and considered ladylike. Apply," etc.

## Scathing Criticism.

"I am of the opinion," observed the editor of the Bungtown Bazaar, having reference to the mentality of his rival, the editor of the Bungtown Banner, "that if the brains of that manikin were of dynamite they would be quite insufficient to blow his hat over his eyes."

## Heartless Flirt.

"Did Miss Fylype receive many proposals while at Blackpool?" "Many! Why, receiving proposals has got to be a habit with her. She has got so used to them that she can't even hear a soda water bottle pop without exclaiming: 'This is so sudden!'" —Butterfly.

## Age a Relative Question.

At what age is a man considered an old man? This cannot be answered in years. It depends on his mental and physical condition. Some men are older at 40 than others are at 70. It has been said, with a degree of truth, that a man is as old as he feels.

## In No Hurry to Get Well.

"They all have had the grip at home," sighed the little stenographer who supports the family. "They are all well now, though, but father. He always takes longer to get over everything than anybody else—he's so darned lazy."

## Another Chance for Rest Gone.

Sales of real estate have been made by wireless telegraphy from steamships far out in the Atlantic. It is possible this marvel of science may soon be used by speculators for stock gambling all the way from shore to shore.

## Snobbishness in France.

A correspondent of the London Westminster Gazette says: "There are in France some 45,000 persons who use titles of nobility, of whom only 435 families have any moral right to them."

## Vice of Indecision.

A man without decision belongs to whatever can make capture of him; and one thing after another vindicates his right to him, by arresting him while he is trying to go on.—John Foster.

## Studying the Monkey.

Miss Amonton writes from the Congo that she is mastering the monkey language almost as rapidly as if she had made Newport the scene of her investigations.

## Life's Troubles.

"Yes," laughed Mrs. Lepsling, "Sophrony suffers terrible from neuralgia. The only relief she ever gets is when she has an epidemic inserted in her arm."







**THE HERALD.**  
**MINIATURE ALMANAC**  
**FEBRUARY 16**  
 SUN RISES.....6:40 | MOON SETS.....09:45 P. M.  
 SUN SETS.....5:17 | FULL MOON.....02:30 P. M.  
 LENGTH OF DAY 10:57  
 First Quarter, Feb. 16th, 11h. 35m., evening, W.  
 Full Moon, Feb. 23d, 1h. 23m., morning, W.  
 Last Quarter, March 7th, 3h. 42m., morning, E.  
 New Moon, March 14th, 1h. 5m., morning, E.

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Should you fail to receive your Herald regularly communicate with the office at once either by telephone, No. 37, or by messenger. We intend to give careful attention to our delivery system. Subscribers can pay bills monthly at the office or to the collector.

**F. W. HARTFORD,**  
 Treasurer.

## THE TEMPERATURE

Thirty-two degrees above zero was the temperature at THE HERALD office at two o'clock this afternoon

## CITY BRIEFS

Dairy products show no inclination to drop in price.

Portsmouth now has a brand new insurance company.

Presgello has gone, but people are still talking about him.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

Discussions of the pass question are more heated than ever.

The Knights of Pythias fair was successful in the highest degree.

**NO. 4'S BALL, WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY EVE, FEB. 21**

Portsmouth, it appears, is likely to have a new charitable institution.

The board of assessors bill has aroused lots of interest in this city.

See "Alice Sit By The Fire" at Music Hall on Monday evening.

There is very evidently still plenty of work for the Legislature to do.

The Knickerbockers play basketball in Pelree Hall on Monday evening.

Portsmouth is highly favored in being able to hear Miss Clara Clemens.

At Music Hall on Monday evening: Mary Shaw in "Alice Sit By The Fire."

Washington's birthday will be the first and the last legal holiday of the winter.

The motor boat enthusiasts are planning a good many races for next summer.

The Rochester girls say they can play basketball all around the P. H. S. girls.

Oak Castle, Knights Golden Eagle, celebrates its fifteenth anniversary this month.

This city has more of the first class theatrical attractions than any other in the state.

Racing on the speedway is not the popular sport in this city that it ought to be.

At Music Hall Monday evening: Mary Shaw in "Alice Sit By The Fire."

The Y. M. C. A. athletes have the prospect of much hard training ahead of them.

Manchester hopes to have a \$100,000 home for its Young Men's Christian Association.

New Hampshire is one of the few states in the Union that has not yet had a holiday this year.

At Music Hall Monday evening: Mary Shaw in "Alice Sit By The Fire."

According to police reports, Portsmouth has this winter been the best behaved city in the state.

Dartmouth has an unusually large number of candidates for the pitcher's box for the coming season.

Don't miss the appearance of Mary Shaw in "Alice Sit By The Fire" at Music Hall on Monday evening.

The firemen of Kearsarge Company, No. 4, are planning for a great time on the eve of Washington's birthday.

How many of the followers of the fashion among the young men of Portsmouth will wear suits next summer made of purple fabrics?

Dyspepsia is America's curse. Burdock Blood Bitters conquers dyspepsia every time. It drives out impurities, tones the stomach, restores perfect digestion, normal weight, and good health.

It is said that the reason why the bill abolishing Fast day was killed in the Senate was that Gov. Floyd had announced that he would certainly veto it.

Inasmuch Circle of King's Daughters of the North Church will conduct a sale of home cooked food and candies in Freeman's Hall on Wednesday afternoon and evening, Feb. 21.

## OFFICIAL VISITATION

Of The Grand Commander,  
 Isaac Long Heath

AND ASSOCIATE OFFICERS TO DE-  
 WITT CLINTON COMMANDERY

On Friday evening occurred the annual official visitation of Right Eminent Sir Isaac Long Heath, Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of the State of New Hampshire, and associate officers, to De Witt Clinton Commandery.

An exemplification of degree work was given.

Later a banquet was served, Rowe and Voudy catering the following replete menu:

|                      |                   |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| Tomato Soup          | Olives            |
| Roast Vermont Turkey | Mashed Potatoes   |
| Cranberry Sauce      | Celery            |
| Lobster Salad        | Chicken Salad     |
| Hot Rolls            | Vanilla Ice Cream |
| Frozen Pudding       | Assorted Cake     |
| Fruit                | Roquefort Cheese  |
| Plain Cheese         | Crackers          |
| Coffee               |                   |

Interesting remarks were made by the visitors and prominent members of the local Commandery.

The members of Comdr. Heath's staff were Grand Generalissimo Charles F. Batchelder of Concord, Rev. Joseph E. Robbins of Concord, grand prelate; Frank D. Woodbury of Concord, grand recorder; A. Melvin Foss of Dover, grand sword bearer; Sir James E. Badger, Concord; Past Eminent Sir B. Frank Nealley of St. Paul Commandery, Dover; Sir Knight Generalissimo C. A. Rice of Sullivan Commandery, Claremont.

## NEW UNION

Of Paper Mill Employees Formed in This City

The recently organized union of employees at the paper mill will be known as Local No. 28, International Brotherhood of Paper, Sulphite and Paper Mill Workers. The charter list includes fifty names and the officers are as follows:

President, Max Foster;  
 Vice President, James McDonald;  
 Treasurer, John McDonald;  
 Financial Secretary, Fred Siddles;  
 Recording Secretary, James Weaver;  
 Inside Guard, Patrick Mullane;  
 Outside Guard, Andrew Barrett;  
 Trustees—J. F. Page, J. Hill and Clarence Spence.  
 The union headquarters are in Rockabill Hall and the meetings are generally held on Sundays, owing to part of the members working in the night shifts.

## WILL TRY AGAIN

Amateur Houdini is by no Means Discouraged

The Houdini member of the Franklin Pierce Veterans' Association says that he is not done yet and the fact that he did not make good in the escape from the chair has nothing to do with his next exhibition. "This will be his escape from a large safe."

This act on the part of Magician Munsey is anxiously awaited by the company members, who are afraid that if the "Elder" gets into the safe they will be justified in saying that he is in for safe keeping.

## EQUIPMENT INCREASED

Portsmouth Savings Bank Adds 600 Deposit Boxes

The Portsmouth Savings bank has just finished the work of putting in 600 more safe deposit boxes. The new boxes add much to the home of this active banking institution, which seems to strictly be up to date on everything.

The equipment and protection of these boxes are equal to those of any bank in the country. The boxes were put in by the York Safe and Lock Company of York, Pa. The work was for the most part done at night.

## OBSEQUIES

A great number of friends attended the funeral at his late home on Lafayette road at one o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon of Charles E. Rand.

There was a vast number of hand-some flowers and the demonstration of esteem was a most impressive one. Rev. J. B. Fenwick delivered a touching funeral discourse.

There were four honorary pallbearers from Storer Post, Grand Army, Capt. J. Albert Sanborn, Meshach H. Bell, Isaac F. Jenness

## E-M-E-R-S-O-N

When correctly pronounced spells  
**PIANO SATISFACTION**  
**PIANO ARTISTRY**  
**PIANO DURABILITY**  
**PIANO ECONOMY**  
 The time test is the only true test. Ask the man who owns an EMERSON PIANO.

**H. P. Montgomery,**

6 Pleasant Street Opp. P. O.

and Joseph Foster. Four business associates and friends, Charles E. Hatch, George H. Clark, C. Manning Akerman and Alfred P. Freda were pallbearers.

Burial was in the family cemetery, under the direction of Undertaker O. W. Ham.

Funeral services over the body of Mary H. Weston were held at two o'clock on Friday afternoon at the home of her brother-in-law, A. P. Yenton, in Elliot. Rev. William Hall of Boston officiated. The body was sent to Portland by Undertaker Ham on the ten o'clock train this (Saturday) morning for interment in Evergreen cemetery.

## AT THE NAVY YARD

Private McClintock of the marine guard finishes his term of enlistment on Sunday.

Through the kindness of Capt. C. P. Rees and Major Treadwell of the marine corps, Bugler Burns of the post guard assisted at the funeral services of the late Charles E. Rand today (Saturday), where he sounded taps at the end of the ceremonies conducted at the grave by Storer Post, Grand Army.

The first roof glider of the new steam engineering boiler shop has been put in place.

Below is a brief sketch of Capt. George A. Blackwell, who will command this yard and station, beginning next week and who has been promoted to the rank of rear admiral. He entered the Naval Academy from Indiana in December, 1861, graduating in June, 1866. He was assigned to the Ironclads of the Asiatic fleet, taking part in the opening of the ports of Kobe and Osaka, Japan, to trade in 1868. While navigator of the Marion in the early eighties, he cruised from Montevideo to Heard's Island, a distance of about 7,000 miles, and rescued thirty survivors of the shipwrecked bark Trinity. At the beginning of the Spanish American War he was stationed at Cincinnati on lighthouse duty. He was relieved of that duty and given the command of the Niagara, assisting in the coaling of the monitors Amphitrite and Terror and most of the other vessels of Rear Admiral Sampson's squadron while on their way to the bombardment of San Juan. In May, 1898, he commanded the Saturn and cruised with her in Porto Rican and Cuban waters until September of that year. He was promoted to ensign in 1868, to master in 1869, to lieutenant in 1870, to lieutenant commander in 1886, to commander in 1896 and to captain in 1901. His last assignment to duty was as commandant of the naval station at Pensacola, Fla.

A mix-up took place during the night near Kittery bridge or on the yard somewhere, in which a Japanese is said to have been pretty badly used up. The scrap ended in a hearing today for the parties concerned.

The largest detachment of prisoners that has landed here for some time came to the Southern on Friday afternoon. The lot included eighteen from the Norfolk yard and seven from New York, all sailors.

## PETITIONS PRESENTED

Representative Sheehy of Newfields introduced a petition in the state House of Representatives on Friday, asking for better protection for no license towns. Similar petitions were presented by Messrs. Whitaker of Webster and Jewett of Milton.

ANOTHER RESIDENT ON THE ISLAND

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Rose of Pelree Island are receiving congratulations on the birth of a boy in the family a few days ago.

Washington's birthday will break the monotony next week.

## PASSED BY HOUSE

Naval Appropriation Bill Carries Total Sum of \$96,000,000

Washington, Feb. 16—The naval appropriation bill, carrying in round numbers \$96,000,000, passed the House on Friday.

An effort was made by Mr. Burton of Ohio to reduce the number of battleships authorized in the bill, but it was defeated by a vote of 114 to 146. Speeches were made for and against Mr. Burton's amendment by Messrs. Burton of Ohio, Kitchin of North Carolina, Slayden of Texas, Crum-packer of Indiana, Hull of Iowa, Sulzer of New York, Waldo of New York, Weeks of Massachusetts, Longworth of Ohio, Grosvenor of Ohio and Foss of Illinois.

A number of committee amendments were adopted and then the bill was passed.

**WANTS WHITEFIELD'S BODY**

Georgia Asks for Bones of Famous Evangelist

Georgia has again asked for the body of the famous evangelist, George Whitefield, which has for years rested in front of the First Presbyterian Church in Newburyport. Whitefield founded the Bethesda House of Mercy in Savannah and the Georgia Legislature has forwarded to Newburyport a request for his body. It is not likely that the request will be granted.

At the time of Whitefield's death, Portsmouth made a request for his body.

## PERSONALS

John Metcalf is passing the day in Boston.

W. S. Lord and Geoffrey Stevenson are in Boston on business.

F. Price, advance representative of "East Lynne," will pass Sunday in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. John Barry of McDonough street are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter.

Ernest Coleman, Walter and William Woods are enjoying a day's gunning in the woods of Hedding.

Mrs. George Hodgdon of Newmarket, who had been at the Cottage Hospital in this city since last fall, was able to return home this week.

Capt. Lemuel Davis, who recently left here for Palm Beach, Fla., is acting as boatman at one of the hotels and reports from the Captain say that he is doing well.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Parker, Ray A. Foye and Ray Garland of Portsmouth and Miss Fannie Jenness of Rye Beach were among the guests at the New Hampshire College sophomore class dance on Thursday evening.

Sidney Trueman of this city, who lately went to Goldfields, Nev., is meeting with much success in his Western home. Mr. Trueman is at present engaged in contracting and is building a large and handsome residence in that city.

**FROM ALL PARTS OF THE STATE**

Members of the Order of Elks from all parts of New Hampshire will attend the banquet of the state association in this city on Feb. 27.

Itching, bleeding, protruding or blind piles yield to Doan's Ointment. Chronic cases soon relieved, finally cured. Druggists all sell it.

## IF YOU ARE TO

**WINTER IN CALIFORNIA**

Plan to make your trip in one direction at least  
**Via CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**

We can furnish round trip tickets via a great variety of routes, good nine months, allowing liberal stop-overs. Write for rates for any trip you may have in mind.

**F. R. PERRY, D. P. A.,**  
 Canadian Pacific Ry.,  
 367 Washington St., Boston

## NINTH ANNIVERSARY

Of Blowing Up Of The Maine Observed  
 Last Evening

The Spanish American War Veterans had a very pleasant time at their quarters on Friday evening.

Chief Boatswain W. L. Hill, U. S. N., gave an able and interesting address on the sinking of the battleship Maine, the anniversary of which fell on Friday. John Dow, a talented local vocalist, sang several songs that added much to the evening's pleasure, accompanied by Comrade James E. Scammon on the piano.

A fine repast was served, which was the tempting preparation of Color Sergeant John Foden.

The committee in charge consisted of Quartermaster John Ray, Sergt. Foden and Comrade White.

## OBITUARY

William Boardman

The death occurred at his home at Kittery Point this (Saturday) morning of William Boardman, aged fifty-nine years, six months. He is survived by one brother and three sisters.

## WILL BE REPEATED

The entertainment given last Thursday evening at the Baptist chapel by the members of the Boys' Guild, was so excellent that by general request it will be repeated next Thursday evening.

## THINK THEY CAN WIN

The Knickerbocker basketball team will line up against the Newburyport professionals Monday night. The fans of this city expect a hot game, but think they can win out.

## MOVED TO BOSTON

Simon Pollmer, who for several years has conducted a loan office on Daniel street, has sold out the business and moved to Boston, where he has purchased a tobacco business on Beach street.

## MAKING BROWN PAPER

The Publishers' Paper Company is now turning out a large lot of brown paper, such as is used in mechanical drawing and for message blanks.

## LADIES' NIGHT APRIL 25

The ladies' night of Portsmouth Lodge of Elks will be celebrated on Thursday, April 25.

Doan's Regulets cure constipation without griping, nausea, nor any weakening effect. Ask your druggist for them. 25 cents per box.

**WILLIS E. UNDERHILL**

SUCCESSOR TO

**Hsley & George.**

**Fire, Life, Accident**  
**Plate Glass Insurance.**

Pleasant Street, Cor. Porter,

**Northern New England Summer Homes.**

Office: New York City, Boston, Portsmouth, N. H.  
 Seashore, Mountain, Lake and Country Homes.

Parties who have seashore and country property for sale, that are available for summer houses can list the same by communicating with

**E. P. STODDARD, - - - MANAGER,**  
 PORTSMOUTH N. H.

**Arrived To-Day**

From Aroostook Co., Me., 550 bu. choice Green Mountain potatoes. As the Market is steadily advancing it will pay you to buy now, and avoid high prices in the Spring.

**F. E. LOUGEE, 18 Daniel Street**  
 Telephone 325-2.

## Boys' Suits Marked Down.



If the Boy is in need of a Suit to carry him through the season, do not fail to take advantage of our Mark Down Sale of Knee Suits.

This sale includes this season's new and serviceable Suits of the celebrated Widow Jones make. Boys' Winter Overcoats greatly reduced in price.

**F. W. LYDSTON & CO.**

CLOTHES THAT SATISFIES.

**DENATURED ALCOHOL**

IN ANY QUANTITY AT

**A. P. WENDELL & CO.'S**  
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**CHAS. J. WOOD**  
**MERCHANT TAILOR.**

Army and Navy Uniforms and Equipments

Imported and Domestic Doeskins  
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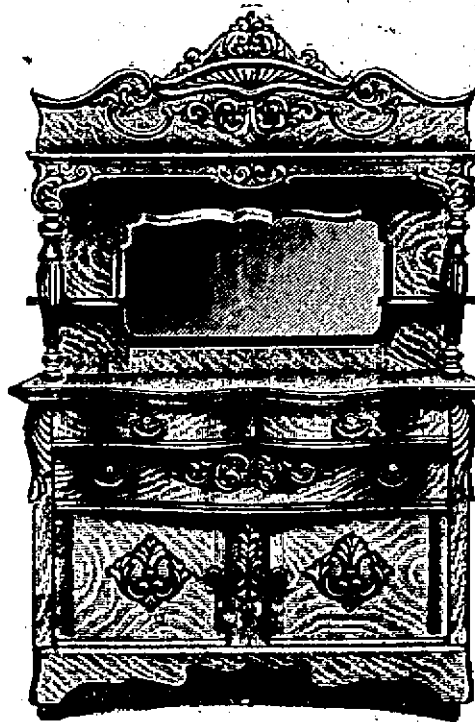
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at Ham's you will be satisfied

Selected

Quartered

Oak



French

Bevel

Mirror

PRICE \$20.00

Selected quartered white oak, French bevel mirror, long O. G. shape drawer, swelled top drawers

PRICE \$35.00 was \$42.00

Buffets with French bevel mirror, cross band, veneered doors and drawers.

\$19.00 was \$24.00

Call And See Them

**OLIVER W. HAM,**  
**Complete House Furnisher.**